

Office of Naval Intelligence Special Activities Division

by Andrithir

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Summary: The Human-Covenant War is over, but humanity's internal conflicts will never cease. Spartan-II Blue Team has been reassigned to ONISAD to retake the mantle of their original purpose, clandestine and covert operations.

Office of Naval Intelligence Special Activities Division

****A/N: Post Halo 4 - Post Spartan-Ops Season 1****

****I just felt like writing thisâ€¦ mainly to put the Chief back into the light of the clandestine world (ironic isn't it?).****

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****ONISAD Chapter 1**

>Welcome to the Program

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"_The Spartan-Twos were bred for more than war, and now that the UNSC knows the true reality behind the creation of the program. We are forced to create the Spartan-Four program in order to compensate for our dwindling number of Supersoldiers. But the reputation that Spartans' hold, it is symbolic amongst our armed forces. To have them participate in clandestine affairs would be detrimental to a fragile morale and public support. So the work's been shifted to ONISAD-SOG. Indoctrination (or Mental Condition as some would prefer) of Operatives, involves breaking down their psychology in order for them to be "reprogrammed". Due to our pool of candidates, all of them have strong morals and ethics; it takes about a week for them to be broken. Once training is completed, these Operatives can carry out kill orders without question. In the past, we've had Operatives assassinate their own family and colleagues; they've carried out those orders quickly and efficiently. ONISAD is what the Spartan-Twos

were originally meant for, and what the Spartan-Fours can never be. Even though I've greenlighted all Spartan programs, knowing full well of each and every one of their operations, ONISAD has committed the worst atrocities. But should the true nature of this program be revealedâ€¦ I doubt my treatment will be worse as Halsey. Apparently forty eight broken men killing "civilians" is not as bad as broken and vengeful children saving the human race."

>_**~Admiral Margaret Orlenda Parangosky, talking about the effective nature of the Spartan Programs and Office of Naval Intelligence Special Activities Division â€" Special Operations Group (Arcani Program).

>By a majority vote, UNSC HIGHCOM believed it to be prudent to reassign the SPARTAN-II Program to Clandestine Operations._

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****EARTH, LING SHAN ISLANDS â€" FORT WU LAU****

The Pelican's wheels gently touched down on the ground, billowing up the sand that had collected on the landing area. Hissing open, the ramp dropped down to the ground, allowing the reunited Spartan Blue Team to leave air conditioned comfort and into the warm tropical weather of the island. They took a moment to stop and feel the wind on their skin. They weren't in their exoskeletons, just wearing standard grey UNSC fatigues with light armour plates.

For John at least, there was a strange feeling in the air as he gazed across the newly built base. It felt like he was _returning home_, despite the fact he'd never been to Ling Shan before. This was where ONI's Special Operations Group was based. This was where the Innies' worst nightmare resided.

Dozens of Pelicans and Albatross Dropships landed and took off at a time, bound for critical locations. The sheer volumes of flights at the time showed that Wu Lau didn't have a tether or Space Elevator. It was clearly security reasons to why the base didn't have one.

"Blue Team?" An AI asked as it appeared on a nearby pedestal. It had the look of a 21st Century Special Force Operator, deployed in a tropical area.

"Yes?" John replied.

"I'm West, the base's AI. Please wait here, and someone will come to get you."

"Thanks," John said.

The AI's avatar disappeared from the pedestal.

"Line up Spartans."

Blue team moved into formation, hands held behind their backs, and bags at their feet. Not many people were throwing glances in their direction. Maybe it was because Supersoldiers were a common sight here, or maybe it was because none of them recognised Blue Team outside of their armour. Either way, John was glad that people weren't staring at him as if he was some kind of god.

Many people always assumed that when the war between humanity and the Covenant was over, Spartans would no longer be useful, or something along those lines. Personally, John didn't really care what they thought. He was originally trained and bred for clandestine operations, not war. He and his Spartan brothers and sisters had been repurposed for war when the Covenant turned up. But now, they were reassigned their original work, Innies hunting.

"_A word of advice, these guys don't salute,"_ the Chief remembered Fhajang say.

With the setting sun on his back, a man no older than twenty-five was walking towards them. He was of oriental descent, but his eyes were azure blue, there was light stubble on his jaw and his hair was a neat crew-cut. Judging from his size, the man had undergone augmentative procedures. Despite his youthful appearance, John could tell that this man had seen his fair share, and was by no means "green."

Years of observing and training had allowed the Spartan to accurately gauge people. This man, he knew what he was doing, he knew exactly where he needed to go, and what needed to be done. The heavily customised sidearm in his thigh holster was a testament to that.

"Welcome to Wu Lau, Spartans," he greeted in a professional manner. "I'm Arca."

It was clear he was a Paramilitary Officer, i.e. an Operative. John ran his eyes over Arca's grey-black armour. It was made for urban incursions, light weight, flexible but tough enough to withstand any nasty surprises. Underneath, he wore standard military grey cargo pants, and a grey shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. This was the signature outfit of ONISAD, because their gear was devoid of identification.

"John," the Spartan said, somewhat uncomfortably. It was clear from the start that they didn't use ranks. Only callsigns, and Sierra-117 really didn't seem appropriate.

Arca's lips twitched into a small smile.

"It's okay," he reassured. It was clear that even he had an uncanny ability to read people. "I know who you are, Chief."

Years of being called "Chief" by outsiders made everything else sound awkward to John. Sure he didn't mind the term "Spartan", but even then it just sounded a bit off. Then there was also "Sierra-117", but that was more or less a designation.

"Follow me, to get your gear," Arca beckoned.

The group began walking along the designated pathways. John made a mental note as he saw drones fly overhead.

"You will be issued with a MJOLNIR Mark-Seven," the Operative explained, "I'm actually kind of jealous."

Kelly snickered. John smiled inwardly at her jovial nature. Even

after all these years, she still had her sense of humour.

"No, seriously, I am," Arca added.

He seemed to be a welcoming person; it was refreshing to John, who had been mostly treated as a larger than life figure by many of the people he came across.

"So what gear do you people use?" Fred asked.

Arca rubbed the back of his neck. "We use the CARNWENNAN Mark-Three Tactical Stealth Suit, much lighter than the MJOLNIR, easier to customise in field, and easier to take off. But there's a catch, our shields aren't as strong. We're not made for the direct approach."

"But it's easier to operate in an urban environment in it though, right?"

The Operative nodded. "I'm wearing part of it right now."

Fred and Arca began to discuss armour specs, while John pivoted his head and gazed across the base. It was utilitarian in design, but had its artistic flairs to it. The gardens were well kept, and the glass nice and clean.

"This place looks more like a tourist resort than a base," Linda commented.

"Hey, I'm totally fine with having an extended holiday," Kelly said jovially. "Especially you John, you need a tan."

The Spartan gave a soft chuckle, ever since the team had reunited, his skin had become an inside joke. But the truth is, John's shore leave allowed him to assimilate into social norms and receive a healthier tan. Sure he was still quite and reclusive, but who could blame him? It's hard making friends with other people when he was in his armour (i.e. most of the time).

"Need to get rid of the tan line," Fred added.

"And don't forget your abs," Kelly chuckled.

John continued smiling; it felt really good being able to be with those who knew his face and not just the visor.

"Okay, here we are," Arca said. He had led the group to a heavily defended checkpoint, complete with drones, sentry-turrets and armed guards. Passing through verification and other "mundane" security measures, the group finally entered the pristine white and grey halls.

It was utilitarian and clinical, but at the same time, it had a vibrant feel. It didn't make John feel uncomfortable, but _homier_.

Upon entering a much larger room which looked purely devoted to Mark 7 maintenance, John took the time to take in the details. It was a class up from the standard armour bays. A few technicians were moving back and forth, checking up on some equipment, but one stood out to

the Spartan. The technician was tall and had a similar build to Arca. The name tag said "Keyes", which caused the Spartan's eyebrows to arch slightly.

This was surprising, and most likely a coincidence, but under the circumstances, it started to feel less of a coincidence. Keyes had jet black hair, a slim face that held similarities with Commander Miranda Keyes and Captain Jacob Keyes. Now that John thought about it, he always had a gut feeling that Miranda was related to Halsey, the similarities between them and Cortana weren't hard to miss.

"Spartans," Keyes greeted with a curt nod. "Doctor Essingdon Dominic Keyes, at your service."

"Doctor," they all greeted. Arca chuckled.

"He's also a Lieutenant Colonel if you're wondering."

Immediately, the Blue Teams snapped a crisp salute.

"At ease," Keyes said, turning around to collect a datapad, "I'm not big on formalities anyway."

The Lieutenant Colonel beckoned them to stand in the centre of the circular room. Along the back, was robotic equipment to assist in encasing the user within the MJOLNIR armour. With a low rumble and a hiss, the doors on level one opened, revealing the new sets of Mark 7 Armour.

Kelly gave a low whistle. "Thing of beauty."

"It is, isn't it?" Keyes said proudly.

The Spartan-IIs moved towards the apertures and stood underneath the circular frame. With their arms outstretched, the technicians began to put hardware components into position and "sow" on the first layer. The bodysuit was composed of nano-technology and tri-weave titanium, allowing it to flow over the user, and seal itself into a seamless item.

John was impressed; the Mark 6's bodysuit was a pain to put on. Next were the streamlined military green armour plates, composed of new alloys making it both lighter and stronger.

"We designed the armour for the Spartan-IIs," Keyes began, "it's made to be stealthy, quick, and precise. Perfect for your original purpose."

There was the hint, the hidden message that John and Blue Team picked up on. Spartans weren't originally meant for war, they were designed and bred for clandestine operations against rebels and pirates.

"The armour is a whole new suite of evolved functions. Real-tactical assessment from on board computers, an array of enhanced sensors, better protection, and new functionality."

One by one, armour components and plates were attached to the suit, and finally, John felt complete. It was like putting the MJOLNIR on for the first time. The moment the helmet slid into place, the

Spartan felt a _euphoric_ sensation flood his body. It was like cold mercury and ice that cooled the nerves.

"Look around, Blue," Keyes said. He, Arca and the technicians stepped back.

John slowly walked out of the circular apertures and looked around. Augmented Reality Display kicked in, friendlies were outlined in blue with relevant data that their FOF tags provided. The Spartan turned his gaze towards Arca, and the system performed readout.

Everything aside from the callsign and rank was classified.

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_Distance: 15m  
>Friendly<br>ID: Arca  
>Rank: Paramilitary Officer " Tactical Command Level:  
E3<br>Affiliations: ONI_
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Turning his head to his left, he zeroed in on Kelly. A readout box appeared beside his friend's signature, it read:

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_Distance: 5m  
>Friendly<br>ID: Spartan-087, Kelly  
>Rank: Second Petty Officer<br>Affiliations: Navy_
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This was very handy.

"Arca will lead you to the armoury and drop you off at the Pit," Keyes said. He then turned to the Operative, "come back here, I need to speak to you about something. Take Sandman with you."

"Alright then," Arca said with a curt nod. He pivoted to the Spartans. "Alright, this way."

Blue team was led back out of the room, and down another passage that had a clear view of the landing zone outside. They had to pass through another security checkpoint and run through even more mundane verifications before being allowed into the armoury.

The room was different from the ones that John had seen at every UNSC installation. Usually, the room would be divided into two sections, weapons bench area, and the enclosed weapons rack area. The benches were for customisation, and the enclosed area was where the components could be acquired.

But here, at Wu Lau, things were much different since they catered to Special Forces. Near the entrance was a large counter, dubbed "Genius Bar", where people would file in their weapons or retrieve their special orders.

At the rear of the room, were weapons racks, illuminated in a white light, the display looked like they were showcasing jewellery more than weapons. Beneath the shelves of weapons were the components such as barrels, firing mechanisms, and on the opposing racks were universal attachments such as grenade launchers or optics.

Arca walked up to the bar, and rapped his gloved knuckles onto the chrome surface. "Hey Alec! You in there?"

The doors behind the counter eased open, and a man entered. He looked more machine than human, but there was an irony in that, he behaved more human than the Spartans. It was something John would have to watch out for when he and Blue would be operating in urban environments

Both the Alec's arms were prosthetic, and by the sound of it, one of his legs was too. Looking into his ice blue eyes, John could tell that the left one was cybernetic. It was apparent that Alec had opted for cybernetics instead of having his limbs regrown. The tell-tale scars on his pale skin indicated that he had been caught in an IED.

"Ah, Arca, so good of you to come by," Alec greeted, running a hand through his longer-than-recommended dirty blonde hair.

Arca gestured to the Spartans. Alec's eyes widened in surprise and his lips spread into a broad smile. "You must be Blue Team."

The Spartans nodded. Alec didn't seem the least bit intimidated by the heavily armoured Spartans. He was a large person by normal standards; John wondered if Alec was a Supersoldier, his stature seemed to suggest it. He parted the counter doors and entered the main area.

"Follow me please," Alec said. He led them to the left side of the room, which was filled with weapons John had never seen before. They were sleek, streamlined and had rails for customisation.

"These guns are the personal favourite of ONISAD, specifically the SOGs."

The Engineer cradled a streamlined weapon from a shelf tagged; "Gauss Battle Rifle Model 1".

"We call this baby, 'Grim'," Alec explained. "Switches between auto and semi-auto, perfect for stealth operations or going loud, the culmination of thousands of years of warfare, people. Fires fifteen ten-by-six-point-two rounds a second. Barrels at a fixed length, but you don't need a suppressor because in stealth mode, Grim fires the rounds subsonic."

During the long explanation, John had the inkling that Alec might have a borderline disturbing obsession with guns.

"So why hasn't something like this been put into mass production?" Fred asked.

"Long story short, it's too expensive, ammunition for it isn't cheap, blah, blah, blah. Besides, it's just an incentive for your average grunt to go overboard. I nearly burned off my eyebrows overclocking Grim."

"How?" Kelly gave him an incredulous look.

"Well, I added a bit more juice to the capacitors and installed a half dozen more coils. The round practically ignited the air and I nearly burned myself."

"Don't forget you melted the barrel," Arca added.

Alec grinned sheepishly.

"Anyway, I need my Grim, and so does Sandman."

The Engineer shook his head. "You guys get to use Susan today."

"Susan?" Arca arched an eyebrow.

Alec ambled over to one of the shelves and pulled out a bulky looking rifle.

"Okay, why is this called _Susan_?"

"Because she packs one hell of a punch, and is a bitch to carry."

Arca sighed. "Sounds like your ex."

"Haha, everybody's laughing."

John heard Kelly and Linda suppress laughter at the retort.

"No, I'm not using Susan. Can I use Gary then?"

Alec breathed in sharply, "I don't know how to tell you this," he said dramatically, "but Garys' been recalled."

Arca gave him a "_the-fuck?_" look. John started to think that maybe Alec really did have an unhealthy obsession with guns.

"Can't I just use Grim?"

"Not until you try Susan."

Blue team dispersed amongst the weapons rack to select and customise. John and Fred decided to give Grim a try. It was weighted perfectly, and easily manoeuvrable, the only downside was that the barrel length could not be altered. But it really didn't matter; Grim was capable of reaching out to targets well beyond the line of sight.

"But Susan's your ex!"

Despite Arca's serious appearance, he did have a unique sense of humour, and his banter with Alec was a sign of a very long friendship.

"Oh fine, you and Sandman can use Grim."

"Yes! But why did you want me to use Susanâ€¦ oh wait, I get it, you want me to drop her into a cesspit."

Alec recoiled in mock horror. "Why I never! Susan might've been terrible to me, but the Innies certainly don't deserve her!"

"Wow, I never recalled you insulting the Innies to that level," Arca chuckled.

"Actually," the Engineer deadpanned, "even the Innies don't deserve

to endure Susan."

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!" the two laughed, pointing at each other.

"I'm starting to think that you made me take Susan so that you could just say this joke."

There was a pregnant pause.

"Well, I'm starting to think, you might be onto something."

â€|

Blue team stood at the base of the Prowler's boarding ramp, prepped and ready to go. The test run of the Mark 7 was smooth and devoid of errors. Each armour had their user's identification number engraved onto them, and was underlined in blue. The stealth ship was called Aladdin, the very same one that took Halsey to Infinity.

"You sure you don't want us to go take a look?" John heard Arca say to Keyes. Sandman was standing right next to them. He had a similar build to Arca, albeit a slightly large frame, blue eyes and dark brown hair that was borderline black. He held himself in a similar fashion to Arca, professional and reserved.

"Don't worry about it," Keyes said. "We've got more important things right now."

"Your mother going missing is kinda important," Sandman argued.

"Don't worry about it guys."

"Hastings got killed," Arca added.

"Guys, it's my motherâ€|"

â€| the most intelligent and brilliant mind of the UNSC, who was reported to be conspiring with the Hand of Didact," Sandman said. "We get it. But Hastings got killed andâ€|"

"Gents," Keyes interrupted with a low growl, "I am aware of what has happened, but now's not the time. I'll send you guys to Infinity once everything on our end has been dealt with."

"Okay, deal," Arca sighed.

"But don't go off and do something stupid," Sandman added jokingly.

"What? Me?"

John wondered if the men here used humour as a way of dealing with difficult things. They switched back and forth between comical and serious behaviour without a moment's notice.

"I can't believe we didn't stay long enough for chow," Kelly sighed.

"Why are you always hungry?" Linda asked over the TEAMCOM.

It was true, John had hoped to squeeze in a few hours of R'n'R before leaving again.

Shore leave's making me soft, he pondered. He watched Keyes depart back into the main building, while Arca and Sandman walked over to the ramp. They were still wearing standard fatigues and ultra-light armour. It was apparent that the C3TS prided itself on mobility, flexibility and modularity.

Upon entering the passenger hold of the Prowler, Blue team sat down at a booth that was designed to support their weight.

"So, what's happening then?" Kelly asked.

"We're being deployed to New Wentworth, the Covenant left the planet relatively intact, and so the Innies have moved in. They've been causing trouble for our supply routes and colonies in the region. We're going in to soften them up for the main group."

Kelly gave a nod of approval, and turned to John. "Sounds fun, like old times, huh?"

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****ABOARD UNSC **_**INFINITY**_**

Commander Sarah Palmer sat at the officer's table, gazing across the mess hall. There were few people eating at this hour. It was "night time," where most of the crew would've gone to bed, and those who remained awake were the regular patrols and night shifters. Except after the attack, more guards had been posted on duty. There was one Spartan-IV on every deck, and a squad of ODSTs manning the main walkways.

Looking to the other end of the hall, she saw two men were sitting near the _windows_, eating a hearty meal of t-bone steak with fries and coleslaw. From the way they held themselves, Sarah could tell that they were Special Forces, Special Missions Unit to be precise. They were a step up from the "regular" spec-ops. Their size indicated that they had undergone augmentation procedures. Of course she'd seen and fought alongside them before, this was the first time she saw them outside of armour.

Soads, Palmer's mind clicked. (Pronounced as So-adds), It was an acronym nickname for the UNSC's most feared, Office of Naval Intelligence Special Activities Division "Special Operations Group. They generally worked in teams of three, deep behind enemy lines. Rarely would they ever be assigned to a ship, and when they were, it was always of utmost importance. Sarah knew exactly why, and she and they weren't exactly on good terms either.

They had been given their orders to retrieve Doctor Catherine Elizabeth Halsey, whereas she had been given orders to assassinate the scientist. Details no longer really mattered, but the main point was that both missions failed, and Halsey got away. And the Team Leader was killed in an ambush.

According the Operatives, Palmer was going to receive a grilling from

a Section-Three Official. ONI Section-Three, the division that specialises in ONI Black Operations and Top Secret Projects.

This will be fun, Sarah thought dryly. She had an idea who the so-called official would be. She was guessing Keyes. He had served as a team leader when he was with the Spartan-IVs, but turns out he was with ONI the whole time. When they had found a job that required his very unique and talented skill set, he was instantly promoted and reassigned. The reason why Palmer believed Keyes was going to make the call, was that he and Sarah had differing views of professionalism. Half the time it seemed that he was ashamed of being labelled as a Spartan-IV. Thorne had said that it had to do with the varying discipline and behaviour between the Spartan Programs.

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"_You just don't get it do you? ONISAD lost seven guysâ€¦ SEVEN from PAG and SOG, to get my mother back. SEVEN men you will never meet! Seven men you spat on. The ones that made it back home, are dead men walking. Funny that you take orders from head bitch of ONI without question but you will spit on men who made sure that your home will not be blown up by some Innies, or steamrolled by an unknown. Do you realise how much shit we're in?"

>_**-LTCOL Doctor Essington Dominic Keyes**_

"_Orders are orders Keyes, I just can't believe you sent them after me."

>_**-Commander Sarah Palmer**_

"_'You're a soldier, you're expendable!_' Is what you would say, same thing applies. Halsey, the brightest mind in the UNSC is not! Hurts doesn't it? Knowing that a 'war-criminal' is invaluable and you're not. The moment I heard about the hit, what the hell was I supposed to do? Make a phone call? Besides, you were out of the ship, and Lasky did what he could. You should've listened to him, Palmer! And I did not send them after you!"

>_**-LTCOL Doctor Essington Dominic Keyes**_

"_Orders are fucking orders Keyes, what the fuck was I supposed to do!"

>_**-Commander Sarah Palmer**_

"_Weren't you so interested in the politics of ONI? Read a fucking book! Parangosky and Osman were always at odds with my mother. And guess what? You signed up to the side that everybody fucking hates! You literally forced her onto the other team! Do you have any idea how much shit we are in? We are going up against the brainchild of the Spartan Program, who probably hates me, now! She probably thinks that I was part of the committee that ordered the hit!"

>_**-LTCOL Doctor Essington Dominic Keyes**_

"_Keyes, I don't have time for a student with teacher issues."

>_**-Commander Sarah Palmer**_

"_Fuck it Sarah! Halsey is now out for blood! Take a good fucking guess what's going to happen. We are royally fucked! ONISAD lost seven guys for nothing. Feel good for getting a pat on the back from

Osman? Good, because that's all the handouts you're probably gonna get from here on out. Here's a fucking tip. When the SOGs are aroundâ€¦ watch your back. They're holding you accountable for seven men."

>_**-LTCOL Doctor Essingdon Dominic Keyes**_

"_What are they going to do? Rape me? __**[laughs]**__ I'll rip their dicks off if they touch me. And if you send them after meâ€¦"

>_**-Commander Sarah Palmer**_

"_I don't need to; besides that's not their styleâ€¦ they'll burn your word and make you watch. You cost them seven men and now an eighth. They have more than enough free time for a little vendettaâ€¦ Just know that Halsey is now probably gunning for you, and ONISAD won't stop her."

>_**-LTCOL Doctor Essingdon Dominic Keyes**_

**[Shortly after the "betrayal" of Doctor Catherine Halsey was realised]**

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A/N: ONISAD is loosely based off the CIASAD and Mossad.

For those of you who are wondering, this is a "partial" precursor to my story **_Lost Legacy**_**. **

Anyway, please review. And a second chapter filled with gratuitous violence will be posted sometime in the near future.

End
file.